THE

Bonny Boatman's Garland:

Furniſhed with many curious

New Songs.

I. The Bonny Boatman, and the Anſwer.
II. The Broom of the *Colding-knowes*.
III. *Moggy*'s Requeſt to her Sweet-heart *Jockey*.
IV. The Rakes of *London*.

Licenced and Entered according to Order.

The Bonny Boatman's GARLAND.

The Bonny Boatman.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
My brave, my bonny *Scotſman.*

In haly Bands we join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While Parents rate a large Eſtate
Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuſe in *Highland Glens,*
To herd the Kid and Goat, Man,
Than I cou'd for ſike little Ends,
Refuſe my bonny *Scotſman.*

Wae worth the Man, wha firſt began
That baſe ungenerous Faſhion;
For greedy Vows, Love's Arts to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy balmy Mouth,
And on her Boſom hauſe thee.

Love gi's the Word, then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boatman;
Waft o'er, waft o'er, fra yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scotſman.*

My Love has bonny mickle Charms,
As weel become a *Scotſman*;
He's welcome to my wideſome Arms,
Tho' he had ne'er a Groat, Man.

The blitheſt Lad you e'er beheld,
Belov'd by *Highland* Laſſes;
For weel I ken, none can excell,
His Beauty all ſurpaſſes.

O *Wolley*, *Wolley*, haſte thee o'er,
Once more my *Wolley* venture;
Thy *Moggy* will wait on the Shore,
She longs for Love's Indenture.

She longs for to be ty'd to ye,
In mickle Joy and Pleaſure,
And values her dear *Wolley* more
Than all the Eaſtern Treaſure.

Then bonny *Scot*, pray come away,
No more yon Mountains clamber;
If Traveling you love, you may
Upon my Bubbies wander.

They're ſweeter ſhar tan *Albion*'s Hills,
With gentle Vallies under;
And all Delights that you can fill,
With Pleaſure and with Wonder.

The Boatman's reply to his Miſtreſs, one by R. D.

WHat melting Voice is this I hear?
What moving Sounds of Boatmen?
Is this my charming Angel dear,
Calling her faithful *Scotſman*?

Tho'

Tho' Parents frown, and us disown,
We'll entertain our Passion;
For pure Love is from above,
Therein is no Transgression.

Much more thy Favour I esteem,
Than worldly Pelf and Treasure:
Thou'd make *Arabian* Deserts seem
A Paradice of Pleasure.

Wae worth the Maid that first display'd
The Case, the vile Destraction,
For worldly Pelf, to sell herself,
And all her Satisfaction.

I come, I come, with flying Speed,
Dear Charmer, to solace you;
Nought but your blooming Virtues need
Invite me to embrace you.

The Word is *Love*, assist me *Jove*,
Kind *Neptune* be my Boatman,
With gentle Gales bend all my Sails;
I come thy faithful *Scotsman*.

The Broom of the Colding-knows.

HOW blyth each Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill,
He skipt the Burn, and flew to me,
I met him with Good-will:
O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of the Colding-knows;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I nei-

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me all the Day:
O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſo ſweet,
The Birds ſtood liſt'ning by,
Even the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody:
O the Broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our Time by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Though ne'er ſo Rich and Gay:
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and Mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain,
That ever yet was born:
O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me every Hour,
Cou'd I but faithful be,
He ſtole my Heart, cou'd I refuſe
What e'er he ask'd of me:
O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie and my little Kit,
That held my wie ſoup Whey;
My Pladdy, Broch, and crooked Stick,
May now lie uſeleſs by:
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu now to the *Colding-knows*,
Farewell a' Pleaſures there,
Ye Gods reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care:
O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of the Colding-knows,
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

Moggy's *Requeſt to her Sweet-heart* Jockey.

O My bonny *Jockey*, cloſe in my Arms I'll lock thee,
You ſhall never gang to the bloody Wars again,
No, nor hear the Sound of the Trumpet,
In the Grove we'll ſport and play,
Laugh all Night, and kiſs all Day:
What a Pox have we to do with *Germany* and *Spain*,
Or what the De'el do you or I by either of them gain,
Had you not better at Home remain with your *Moggy?*

What will you leave your Cattle to go where Guns do rattle,
To wander here and there, the De'el knows where,
For Honour in a Battle?
Suppoſe you loſe an Arm, or get a broken Leg,
The De'el be your Comfort for me, ſays *Peg.*
What a Pox have we to do with *Germany* or *Spain*,
Or what the De'el do you or I by either of them gain,
Had you not better at Home remain with your *Moggy?*

I pray leave off your Scolding this Noiſe of Catter-wauling,
Againſt proud *Spain* I'll croſs the Main,
Where Billows they are rolling:
Mind your Turkies, your Pigs, and the Sow,
Suſan is big enough to milk the Cow,
There is Honour and Riches for them that will roam,
When there is nothing but Labour and Trouble at Home,
Then be contented to lie a little while alone, dear *Moggy.*

Jockey, don't deceive me, why will you ſtrive to grieve me,
What muſt I do with *Harry*, *Kate*, and *Sue*,
If you ſhould offer to leave me?